The Liberalist

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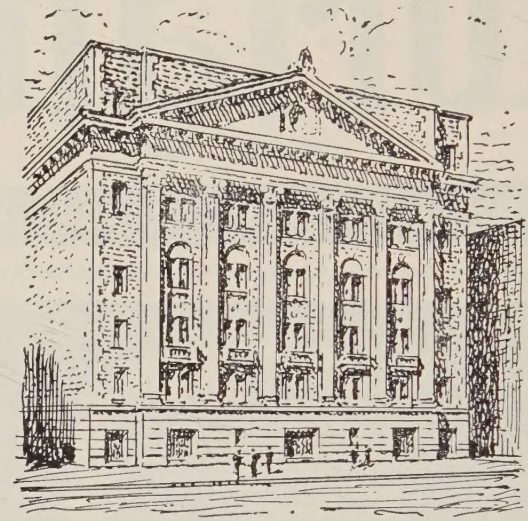
Spring Fever

A BOY AND HIS DOG

A boy and his dog make a glorious pair;
No better friendship is found anywhere,
For they talk and they walk and they run and they play.
And they have their deep secrets for many a day;
And that boy has a comrade who thinks and who feels,
Who walks down the road with a dog at his heels.

(From *"My American Heritage"*) Edgar A. Guest



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
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My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

1st January, 1958.

FOR the first time in years there was no New Year's celebration in our home. After the Watch Night Service last night we returned home immediately. We did not even tune in the radio or television on the New Year's celebrations around the country. We wanted to get a good night's sleep in preparation for our journey. I was awake early this morning, packing and preparing to leave on our mid-Winter trip.

We left on the justly famous Panama Limited at 5:00 o'clock this afternoon for New Orleans. On arriving at the Illinois Central Depot we were met by Mr. Kenneth T. McDermott, City Passenger Agent for the Illinois Central Railroad. He gave us a most gracious welcome and accompanied us to our Pullman. Our accomodations are most comfortable and we are looking forward to a good night's sleep.

This may be a bit of heresy in an age where most people are air-minded, but I try to plan my trips and engagements so I can keep them by traveling on the railroad. I am more comfortable, I rest better and I thoroughly enjoy the Pullman ride and particularly on the Illinois Central. There wouldn't be any United States if it hadn't been for the pioneer development of the railroads. Every other means of transportation is subsidized except the railroads and yet, in the event of war, it would not be twenty-four hours before our great dependence on the railroad would be demonstrated.

We went in to the spacious and attractive diner for dinner and were informed by the steward that we were to be the guests of Mr. Wayne A. Johnston, President of the Illinois Central Railroad. It was a courtesy which was very much appreciated. Mr. Johnston is a civic-minded man and interested in many cultural, educational and religious activities. His friendship is one I prize most highly.

We were enjoying our dinner, when a very distinguished looking gentleman stopped at our table and said: "Dr. Bradley, I want to shake your hand. My family have listened to you on the radio for years, at LaPorte, Indiana. You may remember a letter which you read over the air which my wife sent to you, describing an incident in our family. Our son who was then three years old and is now twelve, was playing with his companions in the yard and they had chosen up sides and were playing soldiers. My wife saw our son wave a stick and, leading his company across the yard, heard him shout at the top of his voice, 'Make way! Make way! in the name of Preston Bradley!' This impressed my wife so much that she wrote to you of the incident and you read the letter on the air." I said, "Yes, I remember the incident very well. Your son had been hearing my voice so often on the air that I suppose he just thought I must be someone quite important, and in my name he could accomplish his military designs." And then the gentleman said to me, "I am Governor Handley, the Governor of Indiana."

Well, I was delighted and surprised. The Governor and Mrs. Handley were going down to New Orleans for a few days' rest. We had a short visit in the diner and hope to see them at the Roosevelt in New Orleans.

* * *

2nd January.

On our arrival in New Orleans this

morning, after a refreshing night's sleep, we were met at the train by Mr. Gerard R. Aitken, who is the Passenger Agent of the Illinois Central Railroad in New Orleans. His meeting us and extending to us a hearty welcome was deeply appreciated. We went immediately to the Roosevelt Hotel, which is owned and operated by one of the most genial and successful hotel men in the United States—Colonel Seymour Weiss. I have met Col. Weiss on several occasions. I never stay anywhere else when I am in New Orleans, and always have found the Roosevelt a most comfortable and interesting home away from home. We found a lovely floral bouquet and a delicious basket of fruit awaiting us in our room.

I called Col. Weiss on the phone and had a few minutes conversation with him, but he was leaving to speak at a hotel convention in Nashville.

I have three favorite cities in this country: the first is my own and beloved Chicago, which with all of its faults and problems has the lure of the greatest future of any city I know. My second love is the City of New Orleans, which I have visited often, but never as long as I desire. My third city is San Francisco.

After walking for an hour around the French Quarter, we went to the Vieux Carré Restaurant for lunch, then back to the hotel where we greeted Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Stone of our church. Mrs. Stone faithfully and efficiently served as President of our Woman's Club for four years, and as the General Chairman of our Bazaar. The Stones had driven down from Monroe, Louisiana and were going on the ship with us. We went over to one of New Orleans' fine restaurants, Brennan's, for dinner, where we visited until 9:30 and then walked back to the Roosevelt.

The weather was of a sort we did not expect in New Orleans. It was cold and windy and very few people were on the streets. We retired early.

* * *

3rd January.

Up early this morning. Breakfast before 8:00 o'clock. I did some writing in my room, June and Mrs. Stone went out to do some shopping and we met at the Vieux Carré for lunch.

One of the most interesting and well-known personalities in New Orleans is a man called "Pop" Whitesell, a famous photographer. Mr. Phil Wahlman of our church, who has photography as his hobby, first called my attention to him some years ago and I went to visit him in his studio, right in the heart of the French Quarter. "Pop" was born in Indiana but has lived in New Orleans for years. He is now 83 years old, lively and vigorous for his age and last year had the misfortune to have a leg amputated. He does very well with his wheelchair and it has not dampened his enthusiasm for his profession nor diminished his ardor and exuberance. He is a most vital and unusual personality.

We were in his stuido this afternoon, which is one of the most ancient buildings in the French Quarter and has a most interesting history. He has a patio in which are growing banana trees and various flora of the area. He is nationally known as a photographer and it was a delight to sit in his quaint studio and have him show us many beautiful photographs of personalities, places and events which he has taken through the years.

We were also privileged this afternoon to visit the New Orleans Little Theatre, which has always held a great fascination for me. The first time I ever visited it was several years ago

with Jimmy who, because of his interest in the theatre, never forgot the experience. It is located in the French Quarter, in attractive and artistic surroundings. The Director of the Theatre is Mrs. Norris Brett, who is nationally known for her work. I have known Mr. and Mrs. Brett for many years, and some years ago conducted the funeral service for Mr. Brett's mother here in Chicago. I called Mr. Brett and learned that Mrs. Brett was out of the city, but he wanted us to come up and see him and have coffee. Those of you who know New Orleans know the Pontalba Building opposite Jackson Square and near the Cathedral.

Their home is in the Pontalba Building and there is nothing quite like it. We had a delightful afternoon, talking about books, art, the theatre and music. We were highly privileged also to meet Mrs. Legrande J. Crumb, Mr. Brett's mother. She is 83 and the liveliest person I have ever met for her age, and almost any other age. Mr. and Mrs. Stone accompanied us to Mr. Brett's residence and shared with us his gracious hosptiality. On leaving, he gave me a book called "The World from Jackson Square," a New Orleans Reader. I am going to take it with me on the trip and anticipate reading it with pleasure. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brett are people of culture at its best and their friendship is a joy.

We walked all the way back to the Roosevelt from Jackson Square. History beckoned us at every step, for this quaint yet progressive city is filled with historical interest and the unseen presence of the vital personalities of French and Spanish background, who have left their imprint upon the city of today. We had a quiet dinner in the Fountain Room of the Roosevelt Hotel, with an inspiring visit with Governor and Mrs. Handley.

* * *

4th January.

I meant to mention one significant and important thing in connection with our trip to New Orleans on the Panama Limited. As we sat down at the table there was a small folder at our plates, so arranged that it stood upright at the plate. On one side was printed this quotation: "Faith in God is the rock on which rests all freedom, progress and brotherly love among the peoples of the world." Signed, Wayne A. Johnston, President, Illinois Central Railroad. On the opposite side there were printed three blessings before eating, one by Rabbi Burton R. Levinson, Congregation Shaare Emeth, St. Louis, Missouri, one by Robert Foote Hollett, Pastor First Presbyterian Church of Homewood, Illinois, and one by the Rev. Father N. J. Berg, Pastor St. Joseph Church, Freeport, Illinois. At a time when most people neglect a blessing before eating, it was interesting to me to find a great railroad system putting a blessing at every plate. We, like probably everyone else, read the whole three, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant, and it was good for our souls.

This morning at 9:00 o'clock we sailed on the "Alcoa Cavalier" for the Caribbean.

When one is embarking on a steamer which one has never seen, it is always a thrilling moment when you look up on arriving at the wharf to see the masts of your ship above the shed. I have had that experience many times and there is a moment there that one never forgets. It happened with both June and myself this morning, because neither of us had ever seen the "Alcoa Cavalier," which was to be our home for the next seventeen days. As we left the cab and the baggage was removed and the preliminaries for embarkation were over, we walked up

the ladder to the ship. First impressions were good and we hope there will be no occasion for these impressions to be lessened as we get to know our ship home better. She seems a sturdy, fine ship; not large, but looks to me as though she would be a steady ship in a heavy sea.

We were delighted when arriving on board to find that Governor Handley and Mrs. Handley had come down to the ship to say bon voyage. Also an old friend, Mr. Bethune, who was the purser on the "Cherokee," the United Fruit ship on which we once cruised. Mr. Bethune endeared himself to all of the passengers and when he found we were leaving, left his own ship to come over and see us. We appreciated this deeply. Also bidding us bon voyage was Mr. Norris Brett, who had entertained us so delightfully yesterday. Mr. Brett's hobby is the camera and we noticed as the ship was pulling away from the pier he was taking pictures of us, which I hope to see sometime. Our ship soon turned toward the mouth of the Mississippi and we were on our way to the Gulf of Mexico and the blue Caribbean.

We do not enter the Gulf until about 5:30 this afternoon. The long ride down the Mississippi was not especially interesting. It is a flat country; there was not too much river traffic to interest us, but we were both intrigued by seeing cattle out in what looked like nothing but swamp. Where they came from or where they would go seemed a mystery. They seemed miles away from any habitation. It has been cold all the way down the Mississippi, unusually so, and there has been no sunshine.

The weather is anything but pleasant. As we neared the Gulf I walked up on the sun deck and am sufficiently familiar with weather conditions at sea to recognize that the wind is increasing and we may be in for a bad night. As we entered the Gulf our little pilot ship which came out to take off our pilot had a very difficult time and it looked for a few minutes as though we would have to take our pilot all the way to Jamaica.

While the passenger list is very small, this being primarily a freighter, very few were in to dinner tonight. The ship was pitching considerably. We are in the periphery of the Florida coast storm which the papers were full of this morning in New Orleans.

I try to use my travel hours for catching up on reading that I am unable to do in the midst of my busy schedule. I have brought along two or three books. I did not buy the novel, "By Love Possessed," but I saw a copy in the ship's library this afternoon and I picked it out. I started it this evening and must acknowledge that so far I am not impressed and will probably never finish the book.

We received many lovely letters and telegrams on the ship, for which we are deeply grateful. The ship is pitching and rolling as I write tonight. We haven't met any of our fellow passengers. Mr. and Mrs. Stone, June and I are seated at the Chief Engineer's table. We have not met him as yet and if this weather continues we may not see him for several days. As the miles lengthen between us and our work in Chicago, already there is a slight tinge of homesickness. It is becoming increasingly difficult to write, so I am going to try and read some more and then fall asleep to the rhythm of the sea and the pounding of the waves as I hear them against the sides of our cabin.

* * *

11th February.

I am going to continue the day by

(Continued on page 11)

LENT IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

A Lenten Series on Strengthening Life

Sunday, March 2 — "Firm or Faulty Foundations?"

Sunday, March 9 — "The Higher Meaning of Trouble"

Sunday, March 16 — "Miraculous Miracles"

Sunday, March 23 — "Why Was Jesus Tempted?"

Sunday, March 30 — "The Crowd and the Master" (Palm Sunday)

Every Wednesday during the Lenten Season, Dr. Bradley and Rev. Kraft will hold a Lenten Service devoted to the fundamental questions of religion. Dr. Bradley will preach at 8:00 o'clock, to be followed by a half hour question period on the subject of religious fundamentals, conducted by Mr. Kraft and Dr. Bradley, at the conclusion of which there will be a coffee hour in Anderson Hall.

The purpose of this Wednesday Evening Series is to deepen the spiritual life of the church and to give people who have problems concerning religion an opportunity to ask questions.

We hope that you will set aside each Wednesday evening during Lent for this unusually constructive and inspiring series of Lenten Services.

Wednesday Night Lenten Series

Wednesday, March 5 — Christianity —
What is it? How was it paganized?

Wednesday, March 12—The Church—
How it developed. Meaning of the Reformation. Denominations today.

Wednesday, March 19 — Suffering —
A Christian Philosophy of Suffering.
Why must good people suffer?

Wednesday, March 26 — Immortality —
Basic Theological Concepts (Nature of God). Is there a Hell and a Heaven? The nature of the after-life.

Wednesday, April 2 — Why Christ Died.

Holy Week Services

Monday, March 31 through Friday, April 4, 12:10 to 12:50 every noon, Erlanger Theater, in the Loop, 127 N. Clark St.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in the Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road.

Easter Sunday, Peoples Church
Three Services

9:00 a.m. — 11:00 a.m. — 7:00 p.m.

New members received and children christened
at the 9:00 a.m. service.

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

(From Dr. Bradley's annual sermon on "Courage," January 26, 1958.)

I THINK, as I stand and look out at this passing pageantry of our modern world today, that all of us need something more than we need any other thing! I wish I could have whispered into the ear of Robert Young yesterday morning! Sixty years old! One of the most interesting and dynamic businessmen in this country; a perfect genius, with everything in the world at his fingertips; on the threshold of the greatest expression of his life! And while I'm speaking to you his mangled body—the whole side of his face shot away by his own hand—is being carried in a Pullman car back to the City of New York!

I think that the thing we need more than we need anything else in our world and in our country and in our church and in our homes, more than anything else in this world, is a new birth of courage! COURAGE! I do not mean to emphasize what is almost the "automatic" virtue of courage that is expressed in terms of "physical strength!" Most people, basically, are courageous when it comes to a matter of physical bravery—we would all rush into a burning building to take out a little child! I'm not speaking of the kind of physical bravery that sends us to the highway when a frightful automobile accident occurs and people are strewn around the highway bleeding and dying—you and I would rush into that, of course we would! Physically we all, I think, most normal people, are possessed of a great basic quality of physical courage. I'm not talking about that!

I'm not even talking about "intellectual courage," although intellectual courage is basic and fundamental to the preservation of civilization—the kind of intellectual courage that is not afraid of a new idea; the kind of intellectual courage that will not cower in the presence of constituted authority, either civil or ecclesiastical; the kind of intellectual courage that will face, basically and fundamentally, the intricate problems of life and think for one's self!

This has been a self-thinking church throughout its history! This is its strength in many areas — that no creed; no ecclesiastical group; no authority can dictate to us what we shall think about theology or philosophy or education or economics or any other phase! That is the kind of courage that has built civilization! Every great step that has ever been

made in civilization has been made by men and women who were not afraid to do something which had never been done and who were not afraid to think for themselves! You analyze civilization and that's what you will discover! Intellectual courage! But I am thinking there is another kind of courage. Physical courage, intellectual courage, attractive and powerful as they are—yet they are both inadequate and, to a degree, incompetent without "moral courage," and moral courage consists in the courage of "being right" on the great moral problems of the world! You can resolve every political problem, finally, to a moral problem. You can resolve every economic problem, finally, to a moral problem. You can resolve every problem with which you and I are concerned, fundamentally, to a moral problem! And unless we have the courage to "be right" in that area of life the rest collapses and fails!

The courage to "be right" on the problem of race relations; the courage to "be right" on the problems that involve the economic and industrial tragedies of our contemporary systems; the courage to "be right" when it comes to the matter of religion—that no man has all the truth; that no church has all the truth; that no book has all the truth, that there are undiscovered areas of truth yet to dawn upon the human mind and the human heart! This basic, moral integrity will save the world—and it is the only thing that will! May each of our hearts be inspired and encouraged by the nobilities of a great courage! Give us the integrity of mind; give us the courage of the heart—help us to see clearly against the shining background of the unimpeachable beauty of Christ, the basis of all true courage! And may that, in our heart, work the miracle for the today and the tomorrow of life!

"IS IT NEW?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
February 2, 1958

IS IT NEW? I have a few thoughts in my mind this morning that I have been toying around with and I want to make them the heart and soul of what I have to say in the sermon this morning. They begin with a paradox. To define a paradox and make it intelligible to us all, it is simply "a statement which on the surface appears to be untrue or conflicting, but on careful and more close examination is found to be true." That is, in a general way, what a paradox is. Now my thoughts this morning are inspired by a paradox that stretches out over more than a thousand years! First, there is that great utterance from a great prophet of a great era in which he gave to the world this sentence: "There is nothing new under the sun." And the second part of the paradox, which completes and makes it a paradox, is: "Behold, I make all things new!" Both are quotations from the Bible: "There is nothing new under the sun... Behold I make all things new!"

What is the underlying truth, and the value of that truth, for you and for me in this hour? It would seem, almost, the very height of absurdity for anybody to say "there is nothing new under the sun" at an hour when the product of our own creative and scientific genius has been thrown into an orbit and is going 'round and 'round and 'round that orbit in competition with the sun itself! Nothing new under

the sun? One interpretation of this primary observation, as we think of it, seems to be completely absurd! Nothing new under the sun—when we can press a button and light a continent; when we can whisper into one of these little bits of tin and be heard around the world; when the people learn the tragedy of a plane falling out of the sky, with many dead strewn upon the ground, and before the plane is cooled from the tragedy and the accident, we know the names of the people who have been lost a thousand miles way! Nothing new under the sun—when a little baby can reach out with her tiny little finger and her thumb and pull a lever that will release energy sufficient to turn the machinery of the Mississippi Valley! Nothing new under the sun—when a man can fly through space better than the birds, and much faster; or plow the subterranean depths under an ice cap and not go over the North Pole, but go through it and arrive after the experience with safety and with achievement! Nothing new under the sun! Obviously, I could go on and quote from achievements that would seem, on the surface, to give the lie to that scriptural verse: "There is nothing new under the sun!" Obviously, we could use example after example to indicate that everything is new that is identified with our contemporary life—our food, our clothing, our sanitation, our prophylactics! The whole atmosphere of individual living in the world today was practically unknown when these words were written: "There is nothing new under the sun!"

So we jump the centuries, and here comes the most sensitive, completely consecrated and dedicated life the world has ever known which, by every standard of this world, every norm of this world, had every right to pass into oblivion at thirty-three! Never owned an acre of land; never had a bank account; never wrote a book; never had a home—was a wanderer, deserted by His friends and, finally, under the vengeance of an empire that was afraid of Him, was cruelly tortured in the agonizing experience of a Roman crucifixion on a cross! And He said: "Behold, I make all things new!" What have we here in deep relief? We have the idea and the philosophy that progress and civilization are entirely a matter of materialistic and mechanical development; that speed and tonnage and mileage and dollars constitute the standards upon which we observe and achieve something we call our civilization and our culture! Nothing new under the sun! Then something happens when a personality consecrated to divine truth enters into a scene like that! And He discovers the divine paradox that, while the major achievements of the scientific era of the age in which we live are unprecedented not only in their immediate accomplishment but in what they indicate to change the whole trend of civilization and shape human destiny, there is something underneath it all that is supremely old; that, in a true sense, "There is nothing new under the sun" and, in a truer sense, "Behold, I make all things new!"

Now we're face to face with values, and a life that doesn't come to terms with values is a confused life and ultimately will be a frustrated life, and ultimately will be a failing life! We must get our values straightened out and see beyond the physical, the obvious, the objective, into the inner motivations of spiritual vitality, which is the oldest thing in the universe, and the newest—and it was that that the Master Poet and Teacher of Nazareth

meant to bring to your mind and to mine!

The practical application of it is: let us not be off-centered by the abundancy of mere physical and mechanistic and scientific achievement from the great eternal values that were old when man first greeted his first dawn; that belong to the antiquity of the eternity of God—the great fundamental rectitude of the cosmos that is never swayed, nor does it deviate from the great fundamental reality! Your science, your experimentations, your quests for sidereal space, your ambitions to control the cosmos will all fade into the utter, tragic nothingness if, at the same time, we do not build character and humanity! It is not enough to go to the moon—it will only be enough when the stability of the ageless moon becomes a part of the character of the people who seek the conquest! "There is nothing new under the sun—Behold, He maketh all things new!" And now, dear Father, with appreciation for the realities which are all about us, help us to give real significance to them by a spiritual sensitiveness to the great virtues of love, of nobility, of truth and of peace!

Along The Way

(Continued from page 6)

day story of our most unusual and interesting trip next month, but the time limit and the space limit compel me to close at this point.

I hope as we enter the Lenten Season that you will all set aside every Wednesday evening at 8:00 o'clock until Easter Day, April 6th, for we are planning the most unusual, helpful, educational series of Lenten Services ever held in the church. The program is published on another page and I hope it will merit your attendance.

I am going to speak the first half hour, beginning at 8:00 o'clock, then Mr. Kraft will conduct a Question Period dealing on the subject presented and an inquiry session for the last half hour, adjourning at 9:00 o'clock to Anderson Hall for refreshments and personal conferences. It will give people who are interested in the problems of religion an opportunity for discussion.

Also, I remind you that Holy Week, beginning Monday, March 31st, through Friday, April 4th, we will hold services each noon at 12:10 in the Erlanger Theatre, in the heart of Chicago's loop.

There will be services Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights of Holy Week in the church and three services on Easter Sunday.

We will continue the story of the trip next month.

"IF YOU WANT HEALTH"

Sermon by REV. VIRGIL A. KRAFT
Associate Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
January 19, 1958

IT may surprise some people to learn that not everyone wants to be healthy! Contrary to our easy conversations about wanting to be healthy and contrary to the obvious demonstrations we go through with tonics and diets and special vitamin pills, some of us do not really want to be in perfect health! There are many Veterans who can tell stories about buddies of theirs who suddenly became blind or paralyzed because, in

a moment of desperate fear, their whole being craved blindness or paralysis which would excuse them from the horrible experiences of warfare, something which they simply could not take.

An article in a popular magazine tells how a certain, quick-tempered husband became angry at his wife one morning. He threw a cup of coffee at her and hit her on the forehead, and immediately this wife became blind, whereupon the husband became very frightened, very penitent and very solicitous — and she remained blind for many weeks. Now this woman wanted two things very badly: she wanted relief from housework and she wanted affection and attention from her husband, and when that cup of coffee hit her there was a quick, almost intuitive, recognition of the fact that blindness would do the trick and so there developed a quick, very strong and intense desire to be blind! So intense was the desire and so powerful is the human mind, that she actually lost her sight! And it wasn't until after she had feasted on her idleness —her husband having employed a maid —and it wasn't until after she had succeeded in keeping him home with her every night for six months, that she was able to even accept what the doctor had been trying to tell her all along: that her eyesight had not been impaired at all and that it was her deep desire to be blind which was keeping her blind! And then, accepting that fact and wanting to see, she did recover her sight!

One reason for ill health is the desire to "use" illness, either as a means of escaping something or as a desperate means of getting what it seems nothing else will get! Consciously, of course, we want health! Being ill is expensive; it's inconvenient, and so we'll read books on it and we'll take the doctor's advice and we'll even pray for health. But if, down deep in our hearts, we want to "use" that illness, for any reason, we'll not be healed! We might ask: "Does the mind really have that much power over the physical body?" According to the BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL: There is not a tissue in the human body wholely removed from the influence of the spirit! And so Eleanor Wiley in one of her poems has Nebuchadnezzar say: "My body is wearied to death of my mischievous brain!" The mind and the spirit of man have tremendous power and that's why Jesus, Himself, said: "It is the spirit in a man which giveth life"! Faith in the fatherhood of God is vital; it's not just nice—it's vital!

Now in the second place, if we want health we must be—I hesitate to use this word because it is so much misunderstood — we must be "holy." Someone asked a little boy one time to define the word "sinister" and he said: "That's the sister of a minister!" Now, unfortunately, the word "holy" has been spoiled for many people by pious fanatics who honestly believe that the good, the holy life is drab and monotonous—sort of a personified indolence with a halo! The holy man, some people think, is this sad, sickly, emaciated hermit—and you see pictures of him! Well, for such people in Jesus' day He certainly didn't appear to be a very "holy" man, because He told funny stories and He laughed a great deal; He sang songs; He attended wedding feasts! And, sure enough, the pious fanatics of His day were shocked: "He's nothing but a wine bibber and a glutton," they said —which, of course, He wasn't!

One beautiful Sunday afternoon a young man went to his old Scotch Presbyterian minister and asked him

if he thought it would be alright to take a walk in the country that afternoon. Well, the stern old Scotchman wrinkled his brow and he ground his teeth and he rubbed his hands together and, finally, he said: "Well, I think it would be alright to take a bit of a walk on the Sabbath—providing you don't enjoy yourself!" Now the word "holy" comes from the old Anglo-Saxon word "halig" h-a-l-i-g, which means "whole" or "well". From that we get our word "hale": hale and hearty; and also the word "hail" or "health". Now to be "holy" means to be in perfect health: no spiritual sickness; no mental maladies; no physical disease! God is "holy" because He's a perfect being. He represents perfect wholeness; nothing deficient or ailing! Now to be "whole" or "healthy" or "holy" we must not only take good care of our physical bodies but also, and especially, we must take good care of our minds, our thinking and our spirits because just as a sick body can affect our spirits and our thinking, so can our thinking and our feelings affect our physical bodies! According to Dr. Charles Mayo, of the famous Mayo Brothers Clinic, the mental and spiritual factor in disease varies from sixty to seventy-five percent! Now as long ago as five hundred years before Christ this was known—Plato knew it. He said: "If the head and the body are well, you must begin by curing the soul!"

That psalmist was a pretty good psychologist when he said of his friend: "The words of his mouth were smooth as butter, but war was in his heart!"

Before any of us can receive God's blessing of health we must sincerely admit that within us there are these poisonous feelings and thoughts; that we do have some resentments and prejudice; that we're afflicted with self-righteousness and arrogance and fear! Only when repentance, penetrating and powerful, can open the clogged channels of our lives can the cleansing, healing power of God's love begin to come in!

BOOK CHATS

AS I closed the book on the last page of *"Far Flight of Love,"* I said to myself: "It is like the most beautiful Psalm of the Bible." Written with exquisite beauty, with the feeling and imagery of a poet, Robert Raynolds has given us a novel such as has not been written for a great while. It is perfect in its simplicity and soul-satisfying in the vast reaches of an understanding heart.

Pageant Press are the publishers of this story laid in Santa Fe, New Mexico and its environs. The author was born in the Old Governor's Palace in Santa Fe, in the room where Governor Lew Wallace wrote Ben Hur. He spent his childhood among the people of whom he writes. He has published nine novels and one play, and has had three other plays produced. Since 1930 he has been living and writing in Connecticut.

I like what Edmund Fuller of the Chicago Tribune said of this book: "This wise, compassionate book . . . refreshes and uplifts the spirit."

Dr. Cleo Dawson (Psychologist, Lecturer) says of it: "I read it at a sitting. I *had* to. My soul rushed on, seeing itself unfolded. It is a classic. Thanks from the depths of my heart.

It would not do to tell any part of this story. It is enough to say that it is a most perfect love story, mellowed and enriched by tragedy, which pulls at your heart-strings and will not let you put the book down.

It is not often I take time to read a love story. This one is worth it.

Robert Raynolds wrote *Brothers in the West* (a Harper Prize Novel) and *The Sinner of Saint Ambrose* (a Book of the Month Club selection).

* * *

Bartholomew House, Inc., of New York, has published an excellent and practical guide to marital happiness—*The Modern Book of Marriage*—by Lena Levine, M.D., an eminent physician, psychiatrist and marriage counselor.

The fact that Lena Lavine is all three — physician, psychiatrist and marriage counselor, makes this a valuable and unusually helpful book. The book is arranged in easy-to-find and easy-to-read question and answer form. It is understanding and compassionate. The questions are answered simply and frankly, with humility and understanding. It is a book a husband and wife can read together for a greater understanding of all their problems. It covers Brides' Questions—Problems of Marriage—Understanding Yourself—Understanding Your Husband—Getting Along With Parents and In-Laws—Preparing Children for Marriage—Divorce and Second Marriage.

Dr. Abraham Stone has written a foreword in which he says in part:

"Marriage and the family are universal . . . . 'For this,' says the Bible, 'shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife and they shall be one flesh.' . . . Universal, also, are marriage conflicts. Even in the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve had their problems . . . this 'Modern Book of Marriage' is indeed an 'Intelligent Woman's Guide' to marriage and family living. . . . The author of this book . . . has distilled into it the knowledge and wisdom gained from long experience and study. . . . has laudably refrained from resorting to glib psychoanalytical phraseology. Her explanations of the 'why' of behavior are generally simple and straightforward, and her 'counsel on what to do' shows a deep human sympathy for people in trouble. She avoids dogmatism and continually stresses the values and virtues of 'understanding, acceptance, flexibility, and tolerance.'

"In spite of the many changes in form and function, the family still remains the basic unit of our society, the sanctuary to which we turn for love, for emotional security, for protection. It is the 'rock of refuge.' . . . From the factual and practical discussions of everyday family problems in this book, both husbands and wives can gain a great deal of understanding and insight which will help them make their marriages more satisfying and more happy."

The Modern Book of Marriage would be a blessing to any home—to any family. If you, the readers, know of any young couple contemplating marriage, this book would make a wise and valuable gift to both parties to the marriage.

* * *

Determined to Live, by Brian Hession, published by (Peter Davies, Ltd., in London, first in September of 1956, with a reprinting in September, 1956 and a reprinting in January, 1957, where it became a best seller), Doubleday & Co., Inc., $3.50.

In a foreword appearing on the jacket of the British edition, the Bishop of Coventry has this to say:

"This remarkable book comes from the very heart: it is in effect a cry of

humble thankfulness and a passionate attempt to bring sympathy and encouragement to others.

"Brian Hession is a minister of the Church of England; at the age of 27 he was made Vicar of Holy Trinity, Aylesbury, where he stayed for thirteen years. In 1933 he founded the Dawn Trust, an organization designed to make, supply and promote films and strips for use by Christian leaders of any denomination. (Today the Dawn Trust supplies visual material to more than 10,000 clergy and lay members.) As Chairman of the Trust he was sent, with his wife, to America to preach, and specifically to act as spiritual technical adviser in Hollywood to a company making a religious film.

"He was taken ill. So drastically ill that the specialists to whom he was sent diagnosed cancer in its final stage, told him that he had three or at the most four days to live, and that no operation was possible.

"Refusing to accept this last opinion Brian Hession and his wife began a 'mad telephone rush' and succeeded in finding a surgeon who was prepared to operate. Five weeks later the patient returned to England.

"That was two years ago; since then he has played games, skied, and worked with ceaseless and indeed miraculous energy. He is 46 years old.

"This profoundly moving account of his experiences and his beliefs has two main objects: to give comfort to cancer patients and to their friends and relations; to help build up a wide membership for what he calls Cancer Anonymous. It is well-known what tremendous help has come to alcoholics from Alcoholics Anonymous. At present, both from medical etiquette and from personal reluctance to discuss the disease, there is an almost impenetrable barrier of silence; whereas by voluntary testaments from those who have recovered from cancer, enormous comfort and hope can in fact be given to patients. That is Brian Hession's view: and after reading this book, that is also the view of his publishers."

It was John Howard Payne, a "king among surgeons" and inventor of the artery bank who performed the operation. He said of the operation, "It is going to be a tough one." "First, you and all your many friends here have got to pray, for we both need help with a job like this. Then on Monday morning, starting at 7 or 8 a.m., I will do my part. From the back and then from the front, I will cut out everything that is humanly possible, leaving you just enough innards to enable you to live. Fair? . . . Yes, you will have a colostomy which means that we bring the digestive tract to the surface between muscles, just below the waistline and we will sew you up permanently at the back. So, if I do my part, you have got to do yours. You have just got to be determined to live—no half measures, just one almighty effort."

The patient was told, if the operation was successful, he might get back to England in four weeks; that the colostomy would be permanent and would require an awful lot of patience and mental discipline and adjustment. Brian Hession, to punctuate his determination to live, booked return plane passage to London for four weeks later; cabled a friend to buy "Greystoke," for a Dawn Trust headquarters, though he had no idea how he was to raise the purchase money, but it was a big target to shoot at in his determination to live. That you may know this was no ordinary operation, it was necessary to remove the ascending, transcending and descending colons, as well as a great deal of intestine; also

the walls of the abdomen, down to the very pelvis bones, which would cause soreness for a long time and painful walking.

In a Prologue to this book the author says: "I am writing this from my bed in the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles by means of a tape-recorder which is sitting on a table alongside my bed. It is not easy at this moment to dictate this rather personal story for only a few days ago I had an extensive operation for internal cancer, and I still have the tube through my nose and on down into my stomach, tubes feeding drips of saline and other ingredients into my veins, first into one arm and then into another—in fact, I have tubes in all directions . . . If I wait till I am well before I write this I may not be able to remember just what it feels like to be in the middle of a crisis, hanging onto God by one's teeth. Besides, my brain is bursting with thoughts to share with others . . .

"I was told to rest completely—to convalesce for a year—but I could not do that. I had to start straight in with the Greystoke adventure: I had no choice for how could I turn back? Besides, I had to get back into the stream of life and occupy every day to the full, just in case my new lease of life should run out."

It was four weeks and five days after the operation that Brian Hession left the hospital to fly back to England, where an ambulance met him at the airport.

"I started preaching again at Christmas in St. Michael's, Bournemouth, and then in Exeter Cathedral . . .

"Wherever you are as you read this book, there is an absorbing work for Christ's Kingdom going on close at hand. You can find a relief out of your suffering or problems by seeking it out, helping and identifying yourself with it. There is always a work for Jesus that you can do, whether it be with your hands, your money, or your prayers. To disobey the promptings of God in your heart is to harden your heart. Start by doing someone a good turn, and soon the habit will develop till you become a changed personality."

Here is a book with a message—that tells us all that we must not yield to self-pity and defeatism, but that, no matter what the odds, a life of joy and usefulness can be ours. It tells us that the will to live and the faith to hang onto God are as essential to healing as the surgeon's knife and the doctor's skill.

It is now over two years since Brian Hession's operation, and he has filled his life with a tornado of work and has now started an organization for the benefit of cancer sufferers called Cancer Anonymous.

Among other things, Cancer Anonymous sets cured patients to work to encourage others and to stir nations for better conditions for others. It raises the flag of victory that "cancer can be cured or endured" with the help of God, medical skill and personal determined faith. As a result of this book Cancer Anonymous now extends to many countries due to the loyalty given spontaneously to its enlightened concepts.

How can YOU help? Find out:

If your local shop has copies available for sale and on display: Would they exhibit a poster or folder?

If your local library has a copy of the book and how long the waiting list is, and if they need more copies to shorten that list.

If your hospital librarian has a copy, and if they would have

posters or leaflets on display.

If your doctor or clergyman or nurse has read it, and if not, why, considering cancer and Faith are so important.

If there is some poor sufferer or relative to whom you could give a copy.

If your Congressman, newspaper and television are supporting Cancer Anonymous.

If you can secure a display position for one of our baby posters, approximately 10 in. by 15 in.

If your local group could run a Rummage Sale or some event for the benefit of Cancer Anonymous.

Books bought from Cancer Anonymous, 226 Malcolm Drive, Pasadena, California, increase the basic funds which are needed to be able to give books away and to print inspirational leaflets. Voluntary gifts are appreciated.

Dr. Bradley has met and talked with Brian Hession, is greatly impressed with and inspired by his work and heartily endorses his whole program.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

BR-R-R-R-R! Aren't we lucky! Well, we really are, you know, for we didn't begin to have a visit from Old Man Winter until February. We might have had to put up with having him parked on our doorstep right on from November. Yet I heard several people on the bus this morning remark, "I hope *this* won't last long." Of course, right along with the rest of them, and with you, I hope so too. I passed one cheery lady on the street a few minutes ago who smiled at me and said, "It isn't so bad, is it?" And in tune with her good spirits I laughed in sympathy as though I agreed with her.

Immediately, before I think of anything else, I am going to use my space in the Mail Bag this month to tell about the All-Chicago Dinner on March 28th, a Friday night, at 6:30 o'clock, in the Congress Hotel. Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of the Republic of India and a world-renowned philosopher, has agreed to be the featured speaker at the fourth annual Chicago area Universalist-Unitarian banquet. These annual banquets are sponsored by the Chicago Area Conference of Religious Liberals, composed of 25 churches, fellowships and other institutions. Rev. Randall S. Hilton is Chairman of the Chicago Conference and Dr. Homer A. Jack, of the Evanston Unitarian Church is Chairman of the Radhakrishnan Banquet Committee.

The first annual Unitarian-Universalist Banquet in greater Chicago was held in the autumn of 1955, with Dr. Frederick May Eliot and Brainard Gibbons as speakers.

Dr. Radhakrishnan has been associated with Oxford University and several Indian universities as a philosopher and interpreter of Hinduism and Eastern religions. He is author of

a great number of volumes on the religion and philosophy of the East. He became Indian Ambassador to Soviet Russia in 1949 and in 1952 was elected Vice-President of India, being recently elected to a second term. In March he will begin a short visit to America, visiting a number of leading universities in a non-official capacity before arriving in Washington early in April for a state visit.

In August the Chicago area will be host to the Sixteenth Congress of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom, to be held at the University of Chicago.

This annual Unitarian-Universalist Banquet at the Congress Hotel will give us an opportunity to meet with so many of the Religious Liberals of Chicago, it seems like an occasion we should not miss for that reason alone. Added to this is the opportunity to hear, see and meet Dr. Radhakrishnan, who holds a high office in India, a country about which most of us know little except what we read. I am sure that most of us, like myself, have not read too much about India or about the Hindu philosophy. Here is an opportunity to hear of them first-hand.

Let us make this occasion an opportunity to demonstrate our liberal strength and solidarity and strengthen the bonds of friendship among us in preparation of this summer's activity.

At least six hundred persons are expected to attend the banquet. Tickets are $5.50, including tax and tip, and can be purchased at the church office.

* * *

On Sunday afternoon, March 9th, at 4:00 o'clock, in Anderson Hall, at the Professional and Business Woman's Sunday afternoon tea, I am to review "The Little Professor of Piney Woods."

We will have as our Guest Artist a young pianist of 14 years, Miss Olivia Hoffman, who is studying music at Chicago Conservatory and Loretto Academy.

I plan also to show a few colored slides of Piney Woods and some of its interesting visitors known to you.

It is such an interesting story, that even though you may have seen and heard The Little Professor on "This Is Your Life" program a couple of years ago, I do hope you will come and let me tell you more about this great American gentleman and true humanitarian, who "Got his paw in de lion's mouf" but eased it out and stayed with the lion.

* * *

Our Mail Bag sits on the floor, with the top spread wide open and the letters just ready to pop out. The first one is one of the yellow "Thank-U-Grams" which are fast becoming very familiar to us all. It is from Cliff J. Gerstenberger, of Des Moines, Iowa.

Printed at the top is the following line:

"In recognition of the good you have done Downtown Kiwanis Club." Dear Dr. Bradley: Thank you so very much for the fine address you gave to our Downtown Kiwanis Club today. It was outstanding. Heard favorable comment on all sides as we filed out of the meeting. Not only was your speech being commended but Lloyd Scherer was being complimented for obtaining such an outstanding speaker. Believe this is only the third time this year the audience has voluntarily stood and applauded a speaker, so you know your speech and presentation was tops . . ."

* * *

People are appreciative, yet all of us forget at times that unless we express our appreciation by outward sign, no one knows just how we feel. Mrs. Zay Smith, of Palos Park, wanted

Dr. Bradley to know about how her P.T.A. felt:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you so very much for the inspiring and entertaining talk that our Carl Sandburg P.T.A. was delighted to hear last Thursday evening. I have been hearing pleased comments ever since. My son came home from school and said that his English teacher told the class all about it.

We enjoyed the Saturday night TV broadcast also. I laughed heartily again at the story you told us over the coffee cups about our relationship to Mars. We shall be looking for you every Saturday night.

Thank you again for speaking to the P.T.A. That was a long trip for you to have to make on a snowy night.

* * *

Emma Becker sent in the following poem by Harriet Grace Blackwell:

Prayer for the Aged

Most prayers are for the young,
O Lord, but this
Is for the aged. Grant them
growth of spirit
To compensate for other things
they miss.
And give them inner vision
for the merit
Of quietude. Let them
enjoy each day
That comes as fresh to age
as youth a rose
Unfolding to maturity, the way
The sunset paints the sky
before it goes.
Give them some task that only
they can do.
A niche to fill as long as
life shall last.
The strength of mind to trade
old thoughts for new,
Yet save a time for dreaming
of the past,
And more important, Lord, than
all of them,
Somebody who will love them
dearly, please.

* * *

Richard W. Danon, of Chicago, evidently did not hear the review which Dr. Bradley gave a long time ago of "The Dead Sea Scrolls." Some of our readers, however, may profit from Mr. Danon's suggestions for reading, so we will publish his full letter.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You were in top form in your talk on Dr. Schweitzer at the Library last Thursday. Good to have the Bradley brand of moral indignation exhibited to this type of audience. Hope you'll keep it up in other talks.

It was also gratifying to have you mention that the Saturday Review was the one and only source for Albert Schweitzer's magnificent "Declaration of Conscience." Norman Cousins has been writing some excellent pieces lately. What can we do about our press (and other agencies of communication), Dr. Bradley? The Sputnik "scare" was entirely unwarranted. Did you read John Lear's article, "Sputnik and the School Teacher," in the November 2nd Saturday Review? Very good!

John Knight (and the Chicago Daily News), it seems, are beginning to show a sense of moral consciousness and responsibility. Did you read Knight's editorial, "Peace Seeker Is a Greater Patriot Than Warmonger," a couple of weeks ago?

When will you be giving your next book talk at the Peoples Church? Why not discuss A. Powell Davies' last two books, "The Ten Commandments," and "The Dead Sea Scrolls," in successive weeks or months? This outstanding work, this scholarly attempt to reinterpret the Decalog and the Bible in a broader and all-inclusive manner applicable to our modern times, is worthy of a wide readership and dissemination. I hope you'll do it—perhaps during your Easter talks.

Will Dr. Argow be giving any talks

at the Peoples Church this year? Best wishes.

* * *

Perhaps Mr. Danon does not know that Dr. Waldemar Argow has a very busy church in Toledo, Ohio, having gone there from the Iowa church where he formerly ministered. His address, in case some of his friends wish to communicate with him, is The First Unitarian Church, 2210 Collingwood Avenue, Toledo 10, Ohio.

* * *

And now we come to a letter from an old friend who now lives in Licking, Missouri—John Z. Holodick—who evidently heard a Christmas broadcast of Dr. Bradley's over WGN. We meant to have this letter included last month, and include it now, though it is late, in case some of Mr. Holodick's friends might like to write him at Route 1, Box 133, Licking, Missouri:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

About 6:10 p.m., December 25th, 1957, I turned on the radio to see if I could get WGN or some other Chicago station. To my surprise your voice came in very clear here in my home in Licking, Mo. It reminded us of the good old times when my wife and I listened to the services of the Peoples Church of Chicago, when we lived at 1307 Rutledge St., Gary, Indiana.

My wife and I attended church services in person occasionally at the Peoples Church until automobile traffic became hazardous in Chicago.

We are now located here in the Ozark Hills of Southern Missouri, in an humble retirement home of our own. Life was a little too strenuous in the industrial area in Gary; and the cost of living through high taxes, etc., became too prohibitive for retired people.

You mentioned in your talk over the radio last Wednesday evening about renewing old friendships by writing to them. Well, I always considered you a friend of ours, because my wife and I liked to listen to your talks. So I'm taking this occasion of writing you a letter.

We live about 470 miles from radio station WGN. Whether or not we could get you on any radio station on Sunday or any weekday we don't know; but apparently it would be crowded out by heavy local broadcasting.

The people here have a somewhat different outlook on life. They take religion more seriously here in the Ozark Hills. It is what might be called more fundamental. The atmosphere is friendlier. Life is simpler.

But those of us here who have lived in big cities have fond recollections for the Old Home Town.

* * *

Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Holodick would appreciate a few letters from some of our readers, telling them of Chicago activities now and then.

The following letter tells of "the joy of service," which made her task lighter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Mother would have been very happy to read your letter of December 13, acknowledging our Christmas offering and letter. Early that morning she passed on, after suffering a stroke in the evening of the 12th.

She kept the letters we received from you and read them again and again. Of your studio broadcasts she would say of late, "I like the way he says 'Keep looking up' "; and of your voice, "Dr. Bradley is always just the same. It is so easy to listen to him."

We have listened since 1940. I am

grateful for that, and to hear you now is a solace in the hardest trial in my life. It is an enduring experience that I shared with mother.

Mother was eighty-one years old last October 12 (I am thirty-nine). I had given her vigilant care for thirteen years. It was a great blow to lose her suddenly, so much as if by accident, after a routine day. She was so good, alert, sensible and brave. She could be fairly active and helped me as much as I could help her.

I found deep joy in caring for mother and in common tasks about the house, as well as in my work with children. I thought of hearing Dr. Fosdick use the text: "Jesus, knowing that he was from the Father and would go again to the Father, took a towel . . ." But I forgot to benefit from the accounts of the gift that Jesus approved at Bethany. I neglected obvious sentiment and think now of your stories about "bread and roses" and about the "gold thimble."

People who remarked about my "sacrificing my life for my mother," about my "not having a life of my own," confused the surface of my feelings at times. But I found that duties bring resources, values and interests. There was no sacrifice. It is true as you said in a sermon in late November or early December: "You cannot help another person without the result that it does as much for you as for the other."

With appreciation and best wishes to you,

Clarence McDermaid,
Rockford, Illinois.

(I should like a copy of the litany of the Peoples Church if you can conveniently send it to me).

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have just heard your sermon on "Tell Him So"—and I decided to do just that!

I have been one of your faithful listeners for many years. My son and I used to hear you every evening, when he was a very small boy (he was twenty-seven years old last week)!

To me, your messages have always been a great inspiration.

Do you remember Mr. Edwin Rhoda, of Milwaukee, Dr. Bradley? He was such a devoted admirer of yours—and a cousin of mine.

Sincerely,
Margery G. Hood,
North Prairie, Wisconsin.

* * *

Evidently the above letter refers to either the broadcast over WBBM or WCFL, and later, when she speaks of hearing Dr. Bradley every evening, it must refer to those many, many years when Dr. Bradley was on WGN every week-day evening.

On Palmer House stationery, a letter comes from Mary Westerfield:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I feel it would be very unkind to leave Chicago without writing a note of thanks and appreciation to you for the two splendid messages you gave yesterday (February 3rd). We attended your morning and evening service and were comforted and inspired both times.

I know your words are true for I have experienced them in my work. I work in a mental hospital in Youngstown, Ohio, as a Gray Lady, teaching occupational therapy. Although the handwork is important, I find giving my patients a feeling of love and concern for them does as much, if not more, than the medical or occupational therapy. Love does make all things new.

We hope to see Eugene O'Neill's

play this evening and I know your fine interpretation of it will make it more understandable and enjoyable for us. I shall try to always remember "The Long Day's Journey" must be into life, light and love.

My husband is here attending the Dental Convention, and we are leaving tomorrow noon. I shall not see you, but thank you again for your good thoughts.

May you be given health and strength to carry on your greatly needed work—that of helping people to take heart again.

* * *

Remember to get your ticket for the Unitarian-Universalist dinner from the church office and meet many religious liberals from the Chicago area.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY

1—Left for New Orleans.
21—Returned from West Indies.
Address. Central Lions Club. Hotel Sherman.
Funeral.
22—Address. 45th Annual Dinner Ravenswood Congregational Church. Dr. Morriston J. Thomas' last affair as Minister of the Church.
23—Cut record WCFL for Sunday Vesper Broadcast.
Address, Lombard Junior Association of Commerce.
24—Address. Founders' Dinner, I.W.L.A. Red Room, Congress Hotel.
25—Cut record WBBM for "Words and Music" broadcast.
Wedding.
26—Address. WBBM. "Words and Music" Broadcast.
Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
Address. WCFL. Vespers Broadcast
Evening Sermon. Peoples Church.
Address. Cancer Research Anniversary, Hebrew University, Jerusalem. Congress Hotel.
27—Funeral.
28—Appointment WGN-TV.
Address. I.W.L.A. Banquet, Polo Grounds, Hinsdale, Ills.
29—Funeral.
Cut record for WBBM, "Words and Music."
Cut record for Vesper Broadcast, WCFL.
30—Address. Carl Sandburg PTA, Palos Park.
31—Funeral.
Meeting, WGN-TV.

FUNERALS

13—John G. Pappas (by Mr. Kraft)
21—Dr. Edward Buchan
27—Irving J. Hahn
29—Joseph Hess
31—Miss Mollie Stickney

WEDDINGS

25—Norene Barile and Robert A. Borowski

The Following New Members Were Publicly Received Into the Peoples Church Sunday, January 16, 1958

Mr. Woodrow Babio, 959 Webster Av.
Mr. and Mrs. D. Arthur Baer, 32 Drexel Av., La Grange, Illinois
Miss Cora Budovec, 2033 N. Fremont St.
Mr. Timothy Daniel, 2033 N. Fremont St.
Mr. Terrance Daniel, 2033 N. Fremont St.
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jones, 6561 N. Oconto Av.
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Justiz, 916 Lakeside Pl.
Mr. Leslie Lynn, 4727 Kenmore Av.
Mr. Nicholas O. McKeeta, 2507 W. Walton St.
Mr. Ralph Militell, 4728 N. Kenneth Av.
Mrs. Adeline Militell, 4728 N. Kenneth Av.
Mrs. Ilsa Reel, 921 Eastwood Av.
Mrs. Margaret L. Reynolds, 7550 N. Bell Av.
Mr. Albert P. Reynolds, 7550 N. Bell Av.
Mr. Dick Sanborn, 2728 N. Hampden Ct.
Mrs. Elise Schulz, 855 Lawrence Av.
Mrs. Joseph Shanks, 432 Surf St.
Dr. Virginia Warren, 4406 Michigan Av.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zissis, 1020 Ainslie St.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning broadcast, WBBM, "Words and Music"
Dr. Bradley and the Peoples Church Choir and Quartet ..... 7:30 a.m.
Choir rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday School, Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education:
Children over 10, 10 a.m.; children under ten years ..... 10:45 a.m.
Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday morning service broadcast, WAIT ..... 1:00 p.m.
I.A.H. Club (High School group) every Sunday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Uptown Temple Club (single adults), every Sunday, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.
Vesper Broadcast, WCFL, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.
Sunday Morning Service Broadcast, WSEL (104.3FM) ..... 10:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Lenten Services, through April 2nd ..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club, Monday, Mar. 3, Education Dept., Mrs. H. B. Spencer, Chrmn., will present Mrs. Olive Brunner, Supt. Spaulding School for Crippled Children. Hostesses: Mrs. C. C. Craig, Mrs. J. J. Wayland and Mrs. Henry Schlote .... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, Mar. 17, Music and Drama Dept., Mrs. G. P. Hettinger, Chrmn., Mrs. Carl Marinello, Co-Chairman, presenting Miss Myra Lewis, Violinist, and Miss Peggy Smith, vocalist and accompanist. Hostesses: Mrs. H. B. Spencer and Mrs. W. J. Springer ..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, Mar. 31, American Home Dept., Mrs. R. H. Monson, Chairman, presenting the Rev. Homer A. Jack, of First Unit. Church of Evanston, speaking on "In Africa with Dr. Albert Schweitzer." Hostesses: Mrs. J. C. Beck and Miss Ethel Fowler ..... 1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club, Sunday, March 9th, presenting Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, in a Book Review—"The Little Professor of Piney Woods."
Guest artist, 14-year-old Olivia Hoffman, pianist, who is studying music at Chicago Conservatory and Loretto Academy. Some colored slides of Piney Woods Country Life School also will be shown ..... 4:00 p.m.
Men's Club—Tuesday, March 25th, Anderson Hall. The Men's Club will be Hosts to the Temple Sholom Men's Club. Guest speaker will be Attorney Leslie H. Vogel, speaking on "Judicial Reform in Illinois." ..... 8:00 p.m.
Couples Club meets 3rd Tuesday in Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WBBM—"Words and Music"— Dr. Bradley and Peoples Church Choir ..... 7:30 a.m.
WAIT—Church Service Broadcast ..... 1:00 p.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.
WSEL (104.3 FM)—Church Service Broadcast ..... 9:00 p.m.

WKFM (103.5 FM)—"Candletime," Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, every weekday ..... 9:30 p.m.
WGN-TV, Channel 9, every Saturday (Dr. Bradley) ..... 10:00 p.m.

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